THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year.

IN the initial book of the Kings of Israel, which, as it records, in a very noble style, some of the most memorable events in Jewish history, deserves the profoundest attention, perhaps there is nothing more pleasing and instructive than the biography of the prophet Samuel. A circumstance, apparently trivial, which occurred in his infancy, will form the subject of our present speculation.

We deliberately adopt the phrase "apparently trivial," because the circumstance in question, though it might not be noticed by the quick glance of hasty Observation, led to the most important results, and contributed to the formation of one of the most splendid characters ever pourtrayed by the historian.

Descended from respectable ancestors from Mount Ephraim, his father, who appears to be a tender husband, an affectionate parent, and a truly religious man, was in the habit, as might be naturally expected from so exemplary a character, of migrating, annually, from the solitude of Mount Ephraim to the city of Shiloh. But this journey was not undertaken from the ordinary motives of curiosity, restlessness, indolence, or pleasure. He did not forsake his rural retreat to gaze at the magnificence of a metropolis, or to hearken to the "hum of men." No: the object of his journey was of a more noble nature, and worthy of the pious pilgrim. *He went up out of his city yearly to worship and to sacrifice in Shiloh*, and to adore, in the Jewish Temple, the Great Parent of the Universe.

Nor was his devotion of the sullen and monastick kind. There was nothing selfish, melancholy, or austere, in his religious service. His family accompanied him, and kneeled at the same altar. Hannah, his beloved consort, was so struck with the solemnity of the Temple, and the Beauty of Holiness, her heart was so softened by the spirit of Piety, and her head so convinced of the propriety of her plan, that, in an hour of melancholy, yet sober enthusiasm, she resolved to dedicate her first born son to the Church. In the simplicity of the Hebrew idiom, she *vowed a vow* that she would give him to the Lord all the days of his life. This good resolution did not evaporate in the idle words of a fanatick visionary. It was not the mere babble of a superstitious crone, who mistakes the heat of the heart, and the giddiness of the head, for the emotions of rational zeal. The determination to dedicate her son

to the priesthood was worthy of a discreet and amiable woman, who probably saw, with the keen eyes of Sagacity, assisted by the light of Prescience, that Samuel would prove a personage, eminent for his rank and piety; that he would dictate the operations of a campaign, and preside at the deliberations of a cabinet; that he would predict the fate of empires, and assist at the coronation of kings; that his warning voice would restrain the madness of the people, and his pious orisons ascend to the Heaven of his God.

All this was gloriously accomplished. While yet a child, he was distinguished by the particular partiality of Providence. He was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and invested with the robes of religion. Though devoted to the service of God, he acquired popularity among men. During an important era in his life, he was judge of south and west Israel, and afterwards of the other quarters. This viceroyalty included a power nearly absolute. With the *voice potential* of Sovereign authority, he could exclaim unto the north, give up, and to the south keep not back, bring thy sons from afar, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth. He was scarcely weaned, before we find him ministering in the Jewish Tabernacle and superseding in religious ceremonies and offices the elder priesthood. In the maturity of manhood, he administers justice, guards the purity of the national worship, and promotes the peace and dignity of Government. He concludes famous treaties. He erects magnificent altars. Such was the splendour of his reputation, and such the opinion of his discernment, that the stranger Benjamite, who lived in remote obscurity, far from the scene of Samuel's glories, describes him as an HONOURABLE MAN, and adds, what every page in Samuel's history proves, that *all that he saith cometh to pass*. He is saluted with the sacred title of seer, and even the *ungovernable populace*, awed by his abilities and sanctity, will not eat in the high place of the city, until he bless the sacrifice. He pours the oil of honour and gladness on the head of a Sovereign, and then, with all the skill of a Statesman, and all the power of a Premier, dictates the course of Regal Polity. Though almost perpetually conversant with courts, he is pure from their corruption. He is a faithful servant to his prince, but he is too a vigilant guardian, and an honest monitor. While others flatter, he rebukes Saul, and although his sovereign was of a moody, sullen, and untractable spirit, yet Samuel never shrinks, when it was necessary to adopt either the ardour of Expostulation, or the acerbity of Censure. Though he *thought as a Sage*, when he reflected upon the vices and follies of this monarch, yet *he felt like a man*, when he deplored their consequences. Obliged to estrange himself from his infatuated Sovereign, he still cherished a sort of paternal solicitude for his welfare, and when the gloomy King, in a fit of capricious disgust, *went up to his house*, and the prophet *came no more to see him until the day of his death*, nevertheless, as it is expressed with equal artlessness and affection in the sacred history, nevertheless Samuel mourned for Saul. In the decline of life, when most men, satiated with worldly grandeur, slide carelessly down the slippery descent of Age, this consistent and illustrious character is erect, and guarded to the last. Conscious of his spotless integrity, and of his fervid zeal in the publick service, he challenges a justification of his integrity, in one of the noblest, most rhetorical, and pathetick passages that can be found in the pleadings of any oratour, in any age. He said *unto all Israel*, "Behold I have hearkened unto your voice, and have made a King over you. And now behold the King walketh before you: and I am old and gray headed, and behold my sons are with you; and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his Anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I stolen? or, whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe, to blind mine eyes therewith?

And I will restore it you." And they said " Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." " The Lord is witness against you, and his Anointed is witness, that ye have not found aught in my hand." And they answered, " He is witness."

This is the *finis coronat opus*, this is leaving Life's bustling scene, with such excellent companions as Honour, Spirit, and Dignity. The circumstances of this transaction give it a peculiar effect. It was a *provoco ad populum*. It was an appeal to the *populace*, to the mutable, miscellaneous, ungrateful, and ignorant *rabble*. It was, moreover, not only to a *mob*, but to a Jewish mob, than which the herd of Swine, of whom the Devil himself once had the absolute possession, does not exhibit a stronger picture of baseness, wildness, perverseness, and desperation. But even before such a rash and stupid tribunal, the manly voice of Innocence, with Dignity and Integrity in her train, commanded Silence, and won Applause; and what renders more signal this triumph of Genius, Virtue and Rank, is, that it was obtained at the very moment, when the intrepid prophet and indignant sage was reproving the herd for their ingratitude, obstinacy, and rebellion.

Having thus abridged the history of this great and good man, as concisely as the nature and multitude of his illustrious actions would allow, we will now look back to the text, from which the *vulgar* Critick may think we have strayed, but which the Reader of Sensibility will soon perceive has always been the *radiant point* of our speculation.

One eventful year in the life of Elkanah, the Father of Samuel, he *and all his house went up to offer the yearly sacrifice and his vow*. But on this occasion one of the dearest of his domestick companions did not accompany the annual pilgrim in his journey to sacred Shiloh. *Hannah went not up*. This did not arise from female caprice or any decay of devotion. Her reason was a valid one; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up, until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may abide there forever. The favourite object of this tender mother was to give her son an excellent education, to instil into his mind all high, holy and honourable principles, and to lead him to the fountains of Wisdom. When the *child was young, she took him up with her* to the Temple, and after presenting her gifts, according to the oriental custom, and making sacrifice, she remarked to the venerable high Priest, that for this child, she had prayed, that her maternal wish was answered, and that as Heaven had granted her petition, to the service of Heaven this son should be devoted.—He accordingly actually officiates at the altar, *being a child girded with a linen ephod*. Here some dissipated or mercenary mothers would have left him to take his chance, either to *live by the altar* like a *priest*, or to *perish* like one of its miserable victims. But the matron, whom we now commemorate, had not only a tender heart, but a liberal spirit, a steady judgment, a perspicacious discernment, and that generous Prudence, which is the *Queen Regent of all the Virtues*. She knew that Youth, Innocence, and Inexperience ought to be *assisted* in their struggle through the thorns and brakes of the wilderness of this world. She was not satisfied with a single burst of maternal affection, or with bounding her benignity by lines of distance, or a term of years. She was fully apprized that a youth, engrossed by contemplation and study, would either have no leisure for domestick cares, or that in the abstraction of literature, he would wholly lose sight of them: that hence he would be sometimes the natural prey of Fraud, and sometimes the fated victim of Penury: and that all the learning of the East would not procure him from strangers either *the linen ephod* of the child, or the mantle of the man. She was determined, therefore, habitually to take care, that neither his mind, his health, nor his studies should sustain any detriment from the rude collision of petty cares. But as he was of a sober and studious humour, that the tranquillity of his her-

mit cell should never be violated; and that he should enjoy uninterrupted leisure to acquire that fund of information, and those useful habits, which might ultimately redound to his own honour, and the general good. In accomplishing so judicious a design, she employed no Agent, but her own heart, and no Deputy but her own skill.

The importance of such a provision has been abundantly verified, in the history of Samuel's successful career. Had he been left solitary at Shiloh, neglected by his friends, exposed to the artifice of some, and the temptation of others, he never would have *prophesied* any thing, but his own ruin; and instead of being a judge, would, in all probability, have been a prisoner.

Wise and benignant mother! With how much enthusiasm and sensibility wilt thou always be apostrophized, by every son, in every age, who has felt the fostering warmth of Maternal Affection.

In addition to thy acts of kindness, from the dawn of Genius to its glorious meridian, thy periodical assiduity of attention shall be ever remembered. That little vestment, which, to render the present more valuable, was brought, not by one of thy handmaids, not by a careless, or venal slave, but by thy *gracious self*, will outlast the weaving of the noblest looms. Like the regretted handkerchief of the fabled Moor, in the unequalled tragedy of the matchless Dramatist, "the worms were *hallowed* that did breed its silk." It made her son amiable, and there was magick in its web. But if the *little coat*, made by a Mother, was not, as a poet's fancy might suggest, of a silken contexture, it was of wool from a Gideon's fleece, and watered with the kindliest dews of Heaven.

For The Port Folio.

POLITICKS.

As distant as Heaven is from Earth, so is the true spirit of Liberty from extreme Equality.

The natural place of Virtue is near to Liberty; but it is not nearer to extreme Liberty, than to servitude.

Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," b. 8 ch. 3.

Great success in a nation is the particular cause of the corruption of the people. Jealous of their magistrates, they soon become jealous likewise of the magistracy; enemies to those that govern, they soon prove enemies also to the Constitution.

Ibid. ch. 4.

Fellow citizens, take care, lest in her magistrates, you attack the Federal Constitution, and in the person of her rulers, you overturn the State. It is just that corrupt magistrates should be amenable to the people, but there is a danger lest the people condemn an obnoxious magistrate, who acted in defence of the Laws. It is with prophetick agony I behold upon what shallow grounds, and with what slight consideration, the people of the United States, but more particularly in the State of Pennsylvania, are wont to arraign at the bar of Impeachment, just men in office.

"The trial by impeachment is founded on a popular right, coeval with the Constitution. When employed on extraordinary occasions, and against illustrious offenders, it is accompanied with a solemnity, a dignity, and an awe, which correspond to the greatest conceptions of the human mind. Ordinary offences are left to the trial by Jury; common delinquents are punished, or acquitted, by the judgment of their peers; but crimes of such a magnitude as to threaten the liberty, or involve the infamy of a nation, are submitted to the solemnity of an *Impeachment*, that the dignity of the trial may be adequate to the enormity of the offence. The represented majesty of the people advances to the charge, assumes the high office of publick accuser, and brings the crime to trial before the collected wisdom, learning, justice, virtue, and sanctity of the nation. A solemn appeal is made to the judgment of the world; and when crimes are charged by which the happiness of whole nations is affected, and States and Princes reduced to misery and ruin, Monarchs and Kingdoms are called upon to behold and

admire the solemnities of Law, and the triumphs of Justice, in the procedure of a nation, to vindicate their character and their honour before the august tribunal of mankind.

"The grandeur, however, and the celebrity of this mode of trial, point it out only as proper for enormous crimes, and on extraordinary occasions. *If, through the prevalence of party spirit*, or *factious combination*, an eminent character, respected abroad, and at home, should be impeached for meritorious services, under the name of high crimes and misdemeanors; the effect of the trial, and the benefit of the example would be lost, and the Impeachment construed into an Ostracism."

English Review for September, 1786.

Much do I fear, that the watchwords of American freedom, *Liberty* and *Equality*, are as vaguely construed by those of my countrymen, in whose mouths they are familiar, as lately they were by the infatuated citizens of a sister Republick. How aptly might be addressed to the political demagogues of the present day, the noble remonstrance of an unfortunate civick officer, of that republick, in answer to the ungenerous cavils of a French citizen about the disparity of rank;—"My friend," said he, "as men, as citizens, we are equal; if government has thought proper to burthen me with the weight of a magistracy, rendered doubly oppressive by the censures of those, who are to be governed, why should you repine? how can I do injustice, when I also am amenable to the same laws which I dispense to others? cease, then, to murmur, and consider me as the guard, the watch, the centry of your liberties, and be assured, that in protecting your rights, I secure my own."

For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith, in her last poetical volume, which, alas, is truly a legacy, has fully vindicated her pretensions to the laurel. Her love of Botany, as well as of Poetry, often leads her to the fields, and she suffers not a flower to remain unsung. The thought, in the following, is fanciful, the descriptions are accurate, and the moral excellent.

The Horologe of the fields.

Addressed to a young lady, on seeing, at the house of an acquaintance, a magnificent French Time Piece.

For her, who owns this splendid toy,
Where use with elegance unites,
Still may its index point to joy
And moments wing'd with new delights.

Sweet may resound each silver bell,—
And never quick returning chime,
Seem, in reproving notes, to tell
Of hours mispent, and murder'd time.

Though Fortune, Emily, deny
To us these splendid works of art,
The woods, the lawns, the heaths supply
Lessons fron Nature to the heart.

In every copse and sheltered dell,
Unveiled to the observant eye
Are faithful monitors, who tell
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-rob'd children of the Spring
Will mark the periods as they pass,
Mingle with leaves Time's feather'd wing,
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But, conscious of the earliest beam,
She rises from her humid rest,
And sees, reflected in the stream,
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west
Declines, in Ocean's surge to lave,
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe
Of plumy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake, or sleep appointed hours,

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The Goatsbeard spreads it golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale, as a pensive cloister'd nun,
The Bethlem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountains peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble Arenaria creeps;

Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly ray'd
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
And to the noontide Sun display'd,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee, crimson spotted flower,"
Gather'st thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike Silene, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light,
But, when the evening crescent shines
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus, in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path untrodden lie
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell
How fast the winged moments fly.

Time will steal on, with ceaseless pace,
Yet lose we not the fleeting hours,
Who still their fairy footsteps trace
As LIGHT THEY DANCE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

For The Port Folio.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

By the politeness of many friends in this city, we are pretty regularly furnished with the best British papers. From our brother Editors, we receive all the leading Gazettes of our own country, together with an immense mass of village papers. These *folios of four pages*, we do not consult for the news, but for amusement; and while the Quidnunc seeks for a battle of Bonaparte, or a naval triumph by Sir Sidney, we hunt after poetry and merriment. One department of newspapers to which loungers in general pay very little attention, attracts our peculiar regard—We mean the Advertisements. These are often written in a style of such quaintness and absurdity, or of wit and humour, as to supply us liberally with food for mirth. It has been unjustly asserted by foreigners, that uncouth advertisements are peculiar to America. But the fact is, that the London papers overflow with whimsical articles of this class. We shall select, with the utmost impartiality, from domestick and foreign gazettes. The first curiosity of this kind which we present to the publick is a *poetical* morçeau by honest Dick Willis, a cordwainer of Lexington, in Kentucky. This rhyming disciple of St. Crispin thus sings over his last: but if his shoes be not a little smoother than his lines, we doubt whether the damsels of the west will ever become his constant customers.

TO THE PUBLICK IN GENERAL.

Elegance combined with Utility, in

WILLIS'S NEW-FASHIONED SHOES.

In ancient times the bards foretold,
The rhyming trade would ne'er grow old—
'Tis true, in these more modern times,
Mechanicks manufacture rhymes;
Murphy and Shaw have tried their part
To imitate the rhyming art,
And WILLIS, in these rhyming times,
Must surely weave a web of rhymes.
Ladies here I beg to mention,
Claimants of his first attention,
Handsome shoes in every part,
Is Willis's master-piece of art—
He shoes does make which Queens might handle,
The neatly plain, the brilliant spangle,
Improves new fashions as they rise,
And makes some spangled shoes with ties.
Cossack boots, and fair-tops too,
Made neater here than any shoe,
All sorts and sizes well assorted,
Made of leather the best imported.
And now to tell you where he lives,
And strict attention there he gives,
To orders sent both far and near,
He'll fit you well, you need not fear:
Main street, next door to neighbour Noel,
Those who know this possess a jewel;
But not to make description fainter,
'Tis opposite Mentelle the painter;
Adjoining the shop of Aaron Woodruff,
Who makes you shoes quite good enough,
To tell you this, my mind did labour,
Who'd not be friendly with a neighbour.
If ladies send a pattern shoe,
He'll make them neatly to fit you.
Believing this the best expedient,
He now remains their most obedient,
RICHARD WILLIS.

Two or three apprentices will be taken to the above business.

Lexington, August 18, 1806.

For The Port Folio.

CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To —— at Coldenham, New-York.

Few Tourists can plead stronger inducements for indulged excursive propensities, than those which have roused the languid spirits of ——. The thoughts of my heart, its sorrows and joys have mingled in sweet communion with thine. And now, my dear S—, when the wing of imagination takes a gay expanse, and is stretched over scenes of Summer beauty, and boundless variety, I shall have the pleasure of holding a mental prism to the eye of Friendship; and whether health should languish, or regain with the mind its wonted elasticity, *still* I shall solace myself with the reflection, that unerring wisdom marks the allotment of humanity, and when "enjoyment is denied assist us to re-"sign." A morning of clouds brightened as we alighted to water our horses at the Buck. To save the trouble of future explanatory notes, know that our parlour conversation embraces a heterogeneous mass: our mercantile friends discuss their schemes of business. Literature and the arts, sometimes steal on the evening hour, and in the political department, we pass by a sudden gradation, from the splendid career of Imperial Bonaparte to the minutiæ of home affairs. In this colloquial range, I have heard the stages in our journey designated by the sign posts at the inns, hence when I write from the Buck, the Paoli, &c. let imagination supply the measured distances, and release me from the toil of pointing to the stones on the road side, whose inscription tells us we are 10 or 20 miles from P——. At our first halting place, social attractions drew my attention to a group of playful children under the care of a servant who answered inquiries respecting their destination, by noticing her mistress in an adjoining appartment. R. B. L. and his family were returning to their residence in Virginia, an acquaintance of distant date, was unexpectedly renewed, it led through many pensive retrospects to the period of blissful novelty and youthful joy. As we rode along the turnpike on our right, we caught a glimpse of *Wynnewood*, and *St. Mary's*. These seats of cheerful hospitality contrast their airy aspect with the forest's venerable gloom. Ancestral predeliction spares the overarching branches under whose shadow Content has roamed, and Peace reposed upon the shield of Piety. The light green foliage of spring was now blending with the full luxuriance of June, and as I gazed with admiration on immediate objects, Fancy took her accustomed range, imperceptibly deepening those penciled views, which Memory had rescued from the grasp of Time. The paternal inheritance of ——, revives anecdotes of primitive days. In the early settlement of Pennsylvania, this tract of pleasant country was purchased by a respectable family, emigrating from Wales; the old mansionhouse is situated on the verge of the highway leading to Lancaster, the avenue through which this fertile country *now* carries its vast sources of agricultural wealth to the capital, was *then* an Indian foot path. Beneath this humble roof William Penn, the eminent founder of provincial happiness, had appointed a meeting for Divine worship. The lady Juliana (his sister) with some difficulty, ascended an outside flight of steps, to survey the room in which they were to assemble, she remarked that "it was a *brave* room," and though not constructed with architectural taste, here the sentiment of the heart arose on the wing of Faith; need I add, the homage was accepted and blessed. The friendly intercourse maintained with the aborigines, strikingly displays the guileless manners of the first settlers of P——. At the season of Autumn fruits, it was not unusual for small parties from the nearest settlements, to visit their civilized neighbours, to drink of their cyder, and to partake of the rich abundance of their peach orchards. In one of those excursions, the elders of the

the house were absent; an interesting child of the family had sheltered herself in the bed curtains, timidly shrinking from the bold port of savage ferocity: at the return of her friends, the Indians pointed out her hiding place, mirthfully scanning the slender covert she had chosen. In latter times I dined with a quaker lady in Philadelphia, whose father occasionally entertained the "heads of the tribes." A venerable Indian chief and several young warriours presented themselves, in company with some gentlemen of the city: their grave demeanour at table, strict temperance, and marked observance of their leader's example strongly exhibit those peculiar traits, which are distinguishing in the native American. After thrice filling their glasses, the chief put his aside, and looked expressively at the young warriours, who understood the silent hint and declined the offered wine. One of them possessed all those dignified contours of beauty, which announce uncommon energies of mind: *he* took his glass, and bending his head to an elegant youth, who sat opposite to him, said "it is right that *we* should drink some wine together: for you and I are the handsomest men at table." This unexpected sally, relaxed the features of his associates.

——"Smiling in such a sort, as seem'd
to scorn their spirits,
"That would be moved, to smile at any
thing."

The development of character is always interesting, whether in the untutored mind of a savage, or in the lights and shades of cultivated society: but I shall leave less fallible Logicians to determine, whether, in this instance, vanity was *innate*, or assumed with the powder and blue cloth of civilization.

Adieu.

Again, my dear S——, evening's soft silence steals upon Creation, the moon's pale beam descries my outward avocation, such as it was, in other times: but Oh! how changed in heart! and though the nocturnal hour gives its mild hues to the scene around me, though the glimmering lights of Heaven shine in their wonted orbit, each illusion of hope, has vanished.

W——'s "last sigh dissolved the charm,
"The disenchanted earth, lost all its lustre.

In October, all was serene, touching and impressive. At the season of pensive charms I travelled in company with W——. Remembrance restores him with many a heartfelt emotion, his figure animated by those enthusiastick feelings, which novelty elicits from a mind, untarnished by collision with the world, his dark eye wandering over the fading landscape, selecting every beautiful spot in the valley, now casting a delightful glance on the warm tints, which sunny Autumn scattered on the forest, and now resting on the dim perspective where the gray mist was lingering on the hills. The glowing garniture of Summer has given a new character to the natural world.—The limestone country, commencing at Downingstown, is rich in soil and highly cultivated. We rode through a luxuriant vale, enlived by numerous farm houses, abounding with fields of grain and grass, in glossy verdure.—Recent showers had given to the air its utmost sweetness, every gale was fragrant, and every leaf seemed polished by Nature's finest touches; yet so chill and humid was the evening atmosphere that when we arrived at our lodgings, we found the prudent German traveller, seated with his family at the fire side. *Here* the gentleman of our party, laughed heartily at our expense. We had interrogated the sober looking folks at the fire, respecting the object of their journey; it was natural that *ours* should excite equal curiosity. The Lancaster Fair was to commence in a few days: our pensive friend glided into the room with some books of instruction and entertainment; their brilliant bindings attracted notice, and we were modestly asked, if we had been to purchase goods at Philadelphia. "They take you for *Pedlers*," whispered P——, triumphantly "carrying your stationary to the fair." He intreated us never again to contend for the genius of

a German, protesting that nothing but a total want of *acumen*, could have prevented discovering, from the *quality* of our countenances, how far removed was "Indus from the Pole." We were willing to incur all the pointed shafts of this raillery, as it was so highly to the taste of our pleasant travelling companion.

The turnpike to Lancaster has redressed many inconveniencies, but the dull uniformity of the road wearies the eye, as its dissonance grates on the ear. We were feelingly alive to the harsh encounter of iron and stone, as the carriage wheels rolled sullenly over a surface, from which reflected sunbeams sent a dazzling glare: and as we slowly gained upon those *valley* hills, whose gradual ascent exhausted all the patience of all the ladies, our advanced guard, would calmly shelter himself from meridian heat, under the shade of the forest, or point out those prospects which diversified the upland view. Long journeys, through solitary wilds, and barren moors, had familiarised our cheery guide to every possible travelling vicissitude. Far different are the sensations of those, to whom cross occurrences are strange and new. Yet our spirits quickly regained their elasticity; sudden transition relieved fatigue; and the mind unbent, in social chat acquired a firmer tone, by interchanging sentiment with those, who were traversing the same ground, and of course required the same mental indulgences. At the close of day after riding 72 miles, met the L—— party, at Lancaster. His lady (in the true spirit of her sex) seized the last glimmerings of twilight, to go a shopping, whilst R. B. L. enlivened the parlour at the inn, by conversation versatile and interesting. I was gratified with the high encomiums passed on my native state; the weight it held in the scale of national importance, its benevolent institutions, its ameliorated penal laws, its agricultural improvements, encouragement of Arts and Science, and *even* its *Abolition* society, obtained due praise from this liberal minded Virginian: but, he regretted that party spirit preyed upon its vital strength, that political animosity had unsheathed a destroying sword, more fatal to its prosperity than a phalanx of foreign foes.

Our accommodations, at Captain Slough's, were such as *invite* repose. Neat chambers and a well furnished table, offer those refreshments, so grateful to faint and wayworn travellers. The charm of this inn, was celebrated by the Duke de Liancourt, and if a discontented foreigner, found *one* solitary enjoyment in a tour through the United States, it is not extraordinary that its simple inhabitants should meet with many things to admire and many things to commend.—Persons of every description were flocking to the fair. It was pleasant to see so many faces drest in smiles. As we rode out of town, a novel scene presented, an immense display of fashionable articles of commerce and toys of every kind. The tygers, the Arabian horse, the wax-work and every thing worth the attention of the enlightened people of Lancaster, was now exhibited to the eye of curiosity. We sometimes met *three*, on one horse gayly riding to this festive scene, and observed the rose-complexioned lasses, on the foot path, with their holiday slippers, in their hands. It was quite an amusing spectacle, the sunburnt brow of industry was so distinctly marked with ease and happiness, that its influence extended to our little party in the carriage, and many a rustick salutation was met with answering courtesy.

Llwellynne, had purchased a trumpet at the fair, it was the delight of his heart to excite mirth and laughter; his shrill instrument seemed to rouse all the merriment in the country, but to avoid publick *notoriety*, we were obliged to impose silence on the *petit* musician.

Columbia.

"From Susquehanna's utmost Springs
"Where savage tribes pursue their game,
"His blanket tied with yellow strings,
"The Shepherd of the forest came."

Here oral tradition tells us the Indians in time of war, precipitated their prisoners, from the point of Chickasrock into a watery grave. Few persons

have the temerity to walk to the edge of this pouring precipice, from whose cragged height, the dizzy eye looks down appaled. We dined at Columbia. The necessary conformity to the boatman's hour, and the formidable prospect before us, lessened the calm enjoyment of a meal which *fresh rock fish*, would have rendered agreeable. This noble river rushed with such a swell against the land, that timidity was predominant over every other sensation. Yet trusting in the superintendence of that Omnipotent Being who formed and controled the world of waters, on whose beautiful surface we were lanching, our courage revived, and we contemplated, with mixed emotions, all those grand objects which elevate the mind from things temporal to things eternal.

The dark projection of the rock, before alluded to, a small island, whose drooping trees shadowed the Susquehanna's winding currents, the solemn roar of the falls, and the light dashing oar, meeting the rippled wave, presented the most interesting and impressive combination of images, that the ladies of our party had ever contemplated. A quick passage brought us to the opposite landing. We now held our course over rough roads, through a country variegated by hill and dale and pebbly rivulets, pleasantly contrasted with the tedious sameness of turnpike travelling. The altered soil, and broken grounds, reminded us that *stones* were to be collected for the Mineralogist at home. Our advanced guard carelessly threw the reins on the neck of his horse, and slowly plodding beside him, critically inspected every fragment that wore a metallick hue, the rustick gaze, pursued him with eager curiosity.

"Some thought him wondrous wise,
"And some believed him mad."

Whilst we who were happily exempt from *gravitation* strong enough to attract us to the earth, were inviting experiments to exclude sunshine, and admit the breeze, and laughingly solacing ourselves with the conciousness hat

"One science only, could one genius hit."

Heat and fatigue subdued the spirit of our minds before we arrived at York Town: but our hostess displayed so much neatness in her house, and so much civility in her manner, that the evening wore away, and sweet repose recruited us for the next day's excursion.

Passing rapidly through these flourishing settlements, or only making them a transient resting place, gives us no opportunity to discriminate their local advantages. The night closes on our arrival and we take the wing of the morning to prosecute our tour, of course we have but a cursory view of the towns, their situation or improvements. With a louring horizon and damp atmosphere we forded the Cadorus, dined at Hanover, and should have deemed ourselves very fortunate, if a decent shelter, had intervened between us, and the impending shower. Diurnally we are taught, by sad experience, that blessings are not sufficiently valued, till privation brings home those secret convictions, at which the heart recoils upon itself; it was perhaps necessary to encounter difficulties, duly to appreciate the conveniencies we had relinquished. Our carriage shielded us from the rain: yet sympathy cast many a look of kind condolence on our fellow traveller, who undismayed, endured the "pityless storm." A thousand scarecrows had been held up to view, in order to abate the force of these inconveniences, which were inevitable in this day's ride: but it was all in vain, when exhausted and dispirited we reached our lodgings at *Tawnytown*, forever memorable in the annals of fair ladies. All the aromaticks in creation would have *wasted* their fragance here. Sleep had refused its gentle visitation, when the morning dawned, and the matin song was chanted by nature's gay choristers, our minds harmonized with the Hymn of Praise. On comparing *ours*, with the depressed situation of the coloured people in Maryland, their down cast eye, their dejected air, their mute surprise at the interest which individuals had excited—all these character-

istick traits of Slavery, made such a powerful appeal to our sensibility, that Humanity and Gratitude mingled their incense at the Altar where each sigh is heard, and each tear recorded.

Adieu.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

In a prior number of The Port Folio, we published a very incorrect and surreptitious copy of a justly celebrated Anacreontick by Capt. Morris, of jovial memory. The copy, to which we then had access, and which was the only one extant in America, we have since discovered, was not only deformed by the blunders of the transcriber, and the mistakes of the Press, but also was mutilated by the omission of one of the most pleasing stanzas. An English gentleman has, in a very obliging manner, communicated to the Editor, a complete and correct copy, as it is sung by the authour. It has been asserted, that the best drinking songs are of French birth; and that even the German language abounds in compositions of this cheerful complexion. But neither the *Chansons a boire*, of frisky France, nor the merry ballads of the Ringau, excel some of the English drinking songs, written by real scholars and men of genius. Among the first, in point of invention, imagery, vivacity, and versification, we think, that the critick may rank the following. The apology for copious libations to the jolly god, is as plausible as Wit can devise, or Eloquence urge; and, although both the Logician and the Moralist may detect, and deplore the sophistry of the argument, yet, both the philosopher and the man of the world will harmonize, in a favourable opinion of the authour's ingenuity, and of the skill, with which he selects, and the dexterity which he displays in the management of his topicks. The second stanza, which is brilliantly ornamented by an *original* metaphor, that Poetry has derived from Painting, is beautiful, like a circle, because true and complete.

The antithesis, in the commencement of the third, where the authour pathetically regrets the ravages of Time, is finely expressed, and the succeeding lines, where we see the Power of wine struggling with Despair, and commanding Hope to stay, might furnish a subject for the Painter.

The comparison in the fourth stanza, probably was never conceived by any other imagination, than that of its eccentrick authour. The fifth stanza, we suppose would be sanctioned by a majority of experienced Solomons, who, after trying all the varieties of life, find that "*there is nothing new under the sun*," and that to gratify their senses, it is necessary to cheat them. This even Dr. Johnson tacitly allows, in the moral of his Rasselas. The next stanza, which is the additional one, that has never appeared in America, contains a very gay thought, something like the Italian and Spanish *concetti;* the correctness of which we submit to the Ladies. The next, in which the authour alludes to his Jacobinism, in the year 1794, expresses the usual language of a malecontent, and though we shall hardly vouch for the correctness of his politicks, we cannot abstain from commending the beauty of his poetry. To conclude; if Capt. Morris had confined himself to compositions of this chaste and classical nature, we think he would have attained more celebrity than a WALLER, a CAREW, or a SUCKLING. But, unfortunately, he has tarnished the splendour of his literary escutcheon, sometimes with the mud of political obloquy, and sometimes with the smut of the stews; and while Purity and Goodness would have deserved all his homage, he has too often chosen, like Lord Bolingbroke, to celebrate the courtezan of the hour.

I'm often asked, by plodding souls,
And men of sober tongue,
What joy I find in draining bowls,
And tippling all night long?
Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I drink till morn,
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumpers give
Life's picture's mellow made,
The fading lights then brighter live,
And softer sinks the shade;
Some happier tint still rises there,
With every drop I dram,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again,

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old,
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But Wine, awhile holds off Despair,
Nay, bids a Hope remain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolick flights will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip, and fly,
Like swallows round a lake;
Since then the nymph must have her share,
Before she 'll bless her swain,
Why that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life, I've rung all changes through,
Run every pleasure down,
Tried all extremes of Fancy too,
And lived with half the town,
For me, there 's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceive my brain,
And that, I think 's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then don't we find love's fetters too
With different folds entwine?
While nought but Death can some undo,
There's some give way to wine.
For me, the lighter head I wear,
The lighter hangs the chain;
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Though vexed and hipped at England's fate,
In these degenerate days,
I can't endure the ruined state
My sober eye surveys;
But through the bottle's dazzling glare
The gloom is seen less plain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine,
The cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine.
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare,
As juice of France or Spain,
And that, I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

After all, though the above is one of the most correct specimens of the English Drinking songs that perhaps can be found, some of our graver readers may think that there is already enough of the dulcet *poison* in the *cup*, without the additional zest that the power of Genius has imparted; we shall, by way of antidote, exhibit a counterpart, which moralists may call, if they please, The Philosophy of Drinking, which a Cornaro, or a Sir William Temple might approve. This, too, is the production of a gay writer, and a man of the world, the celebrated Hugh Kelley, the authour of False Delicacy, and many other pleasing comedies, the Editor of The Publick Ledger, a literary paper remarkable for the ingenuity of its essays, and the principal contributor to another periodical work of no ordinary reputation. Though he mingled much with mankind, yet his mind was never contaminated with vitious principles, his heart though warm, was pure, and in all his writings, he appears the votary of Benevolence, and the champion of Morality. The following effusion has no resemblance to the songs of the Epicureans, but is so pure and correct, that it might have been indited by a Christian Divine.

THE BOTTLE.

By Hugh Kelly.

While the bottle to humour and social delight
The smallest assistance can lend,
While it happily keeps up the laugh of the night,
Or enlivens the mind of a friend;

O let me enjoy it, Thou bountiful Power!
That my time may deliciously pass!
And should Care ever think to intrude on the hour,
Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should Discord preside o'er the bowl,
And Folly, Debate, or Contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul:

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my heart
In the Ivy feel nought but the rod,
Should I make fair Religion a profligate jest,
Or daringly sport with my God,

From my lips dash the poison, O Merciful Power!
Where the madness or blasphemy hung,
And let every word, at which Virtue should lour
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the cause be eternally driven,
Where my reason so fatally strayed,
That no more I may offer an insult to Heaven,
Or give Man a cause to upbraid.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Among the few English song writers, who have mingled reflection with their mirth, SHENSTONE may be properly enumerated. His compositions of this class are remarkably innocent. But, we are obliged to add, that they are often insipid. There is one, however, which cannot fail to please the readers of taste in general, and is sure to delight the Ladies, in particular. The image in the first stanza is so picturesque, that one unskilled in the graphick art may lament his want of power to *embody* the idea of the bard. In the second stanza, the love of nature is expressed with all a poet's partiality, and the decided preference of Beauty, to Bacchus, Reason, as well as Woman will approve.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine,
And, as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is Hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is Thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder shady grove,
See yonder does my CHARMER rove,
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantick joys adieu.

The sole *confusion* I admire
Is *that my charmer's eyes inspire;*
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value Reason next to Love.

A MODERN SONNET.

Farewell! thou beauteous animal, farewell!
Thy patience so much longer than thine ears
None but a Yorick's tender pen could tell,
And call from Christians' eyes a flood of tears!

But what availed thy patience, or thine ears?
Or what the love-lorn notes thou once did'st pour,
When, as thy fav'rite passed, thou stood'st in gears,
Tied with a halter at my grannam's door?

O! as she passed, how thou didst raise thy tone,
And mighty proofs of love thou didst reveal,
And sometimes thou wouldst bray, and sometimes groan,
Expressive of the passion thou didst feel!

Thou had'st more worth than Macedonia's King,
Than Julius Cæsar, or than Bonaparte!
The friend of man, and not his foe, I sing,
They drew a dagger, and you drew—a cart.

Detested names! Oh! what a fatal *three*,
Thank Heaven, before thee, *two* are gone to dust,
The other soon, I hope, will follow thee,
For, follow thee, assuredly he must!

Yes, he must die, though Frenchmen cry alas!
Thus falls the Hero, and thus falls—the *Ass.*

The following dedication of a volume of poems, by an affectionate mother to a gallant soldier, her son, is worthy of the parties.

To John Banks Hunter, Esq., Captain in the second Battalion of Royals, stationed at Gibraltar.

Dear John,

From the moment in which I saw you embark from the pier at Ramsgate, for the expedition to Holland, in 1799, till that in which I received accounts of your safe return from Egypt

in the present year, 1802, I have been too seriously anxious to be poetical on your subject. Now, on the return of peace, I present you with this small volume: you are already acquainted with part of its contents, but there are some things in it which you have never seen. I have great pleasure in dedicating this publication to a worthy young man, and a brave soldier, whom I am proud to call my son.

I remain, with sincere esteem,
My dear John,
Your faithful friend,
And very affectionate Mother,
ANNE HUNTER.

—

In these places, says Gosson, a quaint writer, speaking of play-houses, in these places you shall see such pushing, shoving and shouldering to get at the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their caps that no chips light in them, such fellows to their backs that they take no hurt, such *nuzzling* in their ears to say I know not what, such presenting of pippins, such toying, such smiling, and smirking, such winking, such *rivalship* and *outgeneraling* in settling who shall *man* them home, that in good truth it is no small part of the comedy to mark their behaviour.

—

Grovelling calculators, says an indignant authour, whether in business or politicks, consider refined and generous pursuits as romance and folly; and without either a sense of honour, or regard to nature, truth and justice, study, in all things, not what is graceful, excellent, and right, but what at the moment seems advantageous or prudent.

—

We believe firmly in the witch-craft of many a *young* Sorceress, and from Hall's travels in Scotland, we derive the following anecdote, respecting this sort of enchantment.

A young gentleman of considerable property near St. Andrew's in Fife, some years ago having been on a jaunt to see Edinburgh, as he was riding between Sterling and Alloa, a fine young healthy woman on horseback, who had been at Sterling, came galloping up, intending to pass him; but that when her horse was exactly abreast of his, notwithstanding repeated attempts on her part and the servant attending her, her horse would not go one inch past this gentleman. This naturally brought on a conversation, and they travelled some miles together, at last where two roads separate, her horse suddenly galloped off the great road, she saying farewell. This gave the gentleman scarcely any concern, and he and his servant rode on. But when they reached Alloa where he remained all night, he became extremely uneasy and almost distracted, that he did not ask her address. After a sleepless night, and chiding his servant for not asking the lad that attended her, where they resided, instead of proceeding on his way to Fife, he returned the way of Sterling, making inquiry every where about the young woman he had seen, towards whom he felt a *sympathetick attraction for which he could not account*. In pursuit of her, having hunted about for two days, like one out of his senses, he at length discovered the place of her abode, which was at her father's, a farmer in the Carse of Clackmannan. If pleased with her conversation, when on horseback, now that he saw her in a neat, plain, clean, country dress, he became *violently in love*, and proposed marriage. Notwithstanding that he was young, rich and handsome, yet she would not comply. Having returned to his house and staid a few days, *finding no peace*, he set out again to try his fortune with his fair acquaintance, in whom he saw every day *new beauties*. Several journeys of this kind being made, he, at last, *gained her affection*; and now having been married for years, they have five children, and are the happiest couple in the world.

—

It is remarkable, says a recent writer, that there is seldom any thing in the whole circle of human industry or economy that ever rises to great magnitude or extent, that does not derive its origin from a small and almost imperceptible beginning. The Roman Empire, undoubtedly the greatest re-

corded in History, if we measure greatness by its extent, multiplied by its duration, arose out of a handful of robbers, perched on a few contiguous heights; little better than Primrose hill in the vicinity of London. The kingdom of Italy, established in all the power, pomp and magnificence of Bonaparte will never rise to the grandeur of ancient Rome. The most flourishing states and towns are not always those, which have been planned before hand. The City of Washington, though situated so happily and so noble, may never, and certainly will not in the course of many years, equal that of Boston, which to use the words of Sir William Temple, speaking of the United Provinces of the Netherlands "was brought forth with violent throes, and nursed with hardfare." Great empires, states, cities, towns, and other societies like the "Kingdom of Heaven" may be compared to a grain of mustardseed, which, indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

—

Archbishop Laud wished for an act of Parliament, authorising the people to amuse themselves on the Sabbath day, in any way they pleased.

—

BALLAD.

From Arion and Orilla.

On one parent stock two white roses were growing,
From buds just unfolded and lovely to view;
Together they bloom'd, with the same sunbeam glowing,
And anointed at night by the same balmy dew.

A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and unsparing,
Tore one from the stem, like a gay victim drest.
Then left its companion—his prize proudly bearing,
To blush for an hour ere it died on his breast.

But, ah! for the widow'd one—shrivell'd and yellow,
Its sleek silver leaves lost their delicate hue;
It sicken'd in thought—pin'd to death for its fellow,
Rejected the sunbeam, and shrunk from the dew.

Then where, ruthless spoiler! ah! where is thy glory,
Two flow'rs strewn in dust, that might sweetly have bloom'd—
A tomb is the record, which tells thy proud story,
Where Beauty and Love are untimely consum'd.

—

SOLDIERS' DUET.

From the Comick Opera "Sprigs of Laurel."

Lenox. I like each girl that I come near,
Though none I love but Mary,
Oh she's my darling, only dear,
Bewitching little fairy.

I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes,
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,
Me back she gently pushes——
I like each girl, &c.

Sinclair. When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place,
To fly for Mary's bonnet,
So charming looked her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.

Dressed all in white she tripped from home,
And set my blood a thrilling,
O, zounds, says I, the French are come,
Sweet Mary looked so killing.
I like each girl, &c.

Lenox. When to our colonel, at review,
A Duchess cried so airy,
"How does your royal Highness do?"
Says I "I thank you Mary."
I like each girl, &c.

Sinclair. To quick time marching, t'other day,
Our fifes played Andrew Carey,
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.
I like each girl, &c.

—

ADDRESSED TO MISS ELIZA R—.

I saw thee first a *rose leaf* grow
Just sprouted from its parent tree;
I saw thee next a *rose-bud* glow,
With blush of sweet SIMPLICITY.

I came again, and thou wert blown
In Beauty's richest majesty,
But though the rose mature had grown,
I found the bud SIMPLICITY.

Oh long in health and beauty glow,
An honour to thy parent tree;
But whilst thy *blushing roses* blow,
Oh keep thy bud SIMPLICITY.

—

SONG.

Said a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief,
And I, said the Smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft Pity, our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the wo and the bliss of another?

—

TO SLEEP.

FRIEND of the wretch, who claims no other friend,
Lull thou my children, O! assuasive sleep!
In stealing stilness on their couch descend,
And bind those eyes which open but to weep;
O'er their flush'd cheeks, their fever'd bosom, breathe,
And steep the bitter cares in sweet repose;
Then twine, in happy hour, thy poppy wreath,
With Hope's white bud and Fancy's thornless rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,
And *feign* delights they ne'er as *truths* must know,
Yet hold! vain prayer, alas! to dream of joys
But aggravates our sense of waking wo!
So, the lorn lonely slave whose dungeon's gloom
Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,
Mourns as he muses on his earliest doom,
The vanish'd years of liberty and light!

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was an Irishman, to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Paddy having made his selection, put the two cocks into a bag, and brought them with him in the mail-coach. When they arrived, it was found that upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was severely taken to task for his stupidity, in putting both cocks into one bag. "Indeed," said the honest Hibernian, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on the same side."

—

Oliver Maillard, a Cordelier, had the reputation of being one of the most famous preachers of his time. Having glanced, in his sermon, at some trait applicable to the conduct of Louis XI, the irritated monarch desired the preacher to be told that he would drown him. "The king is master," replied Maillard: "but tell him that I shall arrive sooner in Paradise by *water*, than he will *with all his post horses*."

Lon. pap.

—

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the *King of Fools*. "I wish," said the fellow one day, "you could make your words good: I should then be the greatest monarch in the world."

—

This was the apology of an Irishman, who being upbraided with *Cowardice*, said "he had as bold a *heart* as any man in the army, but his cowardly *legs* always ran away with it."

Epitaph in a country Church-yard.

Two lovely babes lie buried here,
As ever blessed their parents dear;
But they were seized with ague fits,
And here they lie as dead as nits.

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